

The Story Club

by Edmund Vance Cargo

THE GROUCHY PAPA.

Grouchy Papa didn't mean to be grouchy. However, I'm not making excuses for him, because he really had no more excuse to be grouchy than a child has to be saucy.

But he didn't even know he was grouchy. He had just got into the habit of letting go of himself inside.

One morning he was in a hurry to shave. He had been out late

Grouchy Papa lathered his face with the towel, but his razor was dull and when he found his little Ned had been using his strop as a sling playing David and Goliath and had left it over at Goliath's house, Grouchy Papa broke out again and said "Pancakes!" very violently.

"A," said the film-fairy.

At that moment along came Nancy and pushed the door against him and made him cut his



the night before, and he had an important piece of business waiting for him at the shop, which would mean sugar on the family bread, if he won, or bread without butter for a while, if he lost. So when he found that Nina had been using his shaving brush to paint the back fence, he said, "Oh, bees-wax!"

"T," said the film-fairy who had been watching him,

chin and then Grouchy Papa lost control of himself and said, "If you do that again, I've a notion to give you a b-b-box of chocolates."

"G," said the fairy.

Grouchy Papa was looking into the mirror and for the first time noticed how peculiarly the electric light was reflected in the glass. Presently his eyes crossed and he saw himself on the Island